TERROR

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

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TALES FROM THE CRYPT®

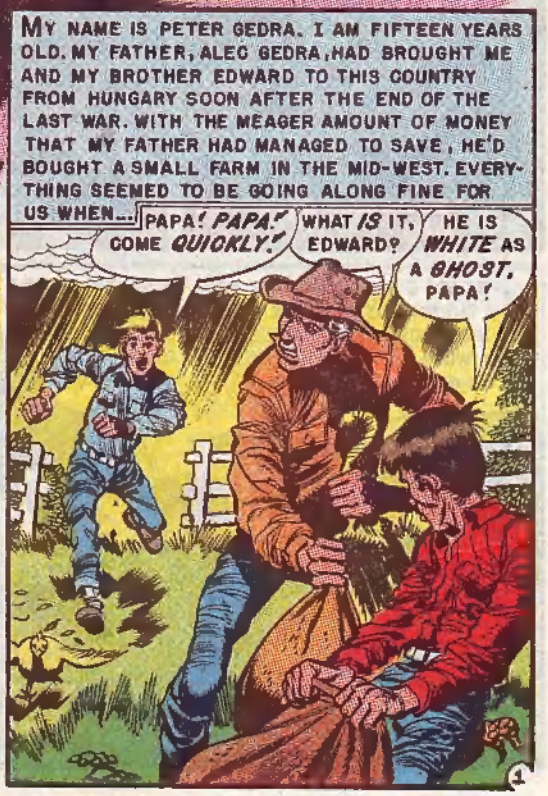
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

REPRINT EDITION

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! WELCOME BACK, *FIENDS!* WELCOME ONCE AGAIN TO THE *CRYPT OF TERROR!* THIS IS YOUR *HOST* IN *HOWLS, THE CRYPT-KEEPER,* READY TO *NARRATE* ANOTHER *NAUSEATING* TALE FROM MY *COLLECTION!* SO COME IN! SIT DOWN ON THAT SACK OF *SILVER DOLLARS* THERE AND I'LL *BEGIN!* THIS STORY HAPPENED TO A YOUNG CHAP NAMED *PETER!* IT'S IN HIS *VERY OWN WORDS!* I'LL *TELL* IT TO *YOU* THE WAY *HE* TOLD IT TO *ME!* HE *CALLS* THIS *SPINE-TINGLING, HAIR-STANDING, BLOOD-FREEZER...*

BY THE FRIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON!



IT'D HAPPENED ABOUT A YEAR AFTER WE'D ARRIVED IN AMERICA. EDWARD, MY YOUNGER BROTHER, HAD BEEN OUT IN THE FIELDS. SUDDENLY, HE'D COME DASHING ACROSS THE FARMYARD, SCREAMING FOR MY FATHER...

THERE'S A *DEAD MAN*, PAPA! IN THE *CORNFIELD!* COME QUICKLY!

A *DEAD MAN?* *WHERE?* *SHOW ME!*

I'M COMING *TOO!*

I FOLLOWED MY FATHER AND EDWARD TO THE CORNFIELD. THE MAN WAS THERE, ALL RIGHT! ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF HIM! HE'D BEEN HORRIBLY MUTILATED...AS THOUGH...

GOOD LORD! HE...HE'S *ATTACKED*...BY A *WILD BEAST!*

BUT, PAPA! THERE *ARE NO* WILD BEASTS AROUND *HERE!*

EDWARD IS *RIGHT*, PAPA!

THEN...THEN IT IS THE WORK OF A *WEREWOLF!*

A *WERE-WOLF!?*

PAPA!

MY FATHER LOOKED AT EDWARD AND ME, A DARKNESS CLOUDING HIS FACE...

I'D THOUGHT THAT WE HAD *LEFT* SUCH HORRORS AS WERE-WOLVES *BEHIND US*...IN *HUNGARY!* I SEE THAT I AM *WRONG!*

ARE YOU *SURE*, PAPA? ARE YOU *SURE* IT IS A *WERE-WOLF?*

HE TURNED AND STARTED BACK TO THE HOUSE...

I AM *SURE*, EDWARD! *COME!* WE MUST GO TO THE *TOWN*...TO TELL THEM WHAT WE HAVE *FOUND!*

YES, PAPA!

PAPA! YOU'RE *NOT* GOING TO *TELL* THEM... I *MEAN*...

NO, PETER! I AM NOT GOING TO *TELL* THEM THAT I THINK IT IS THE WORK OF A *WEREWOLF!* THEY WOULD NOT *BELIEVE* IT... ANYWAY!

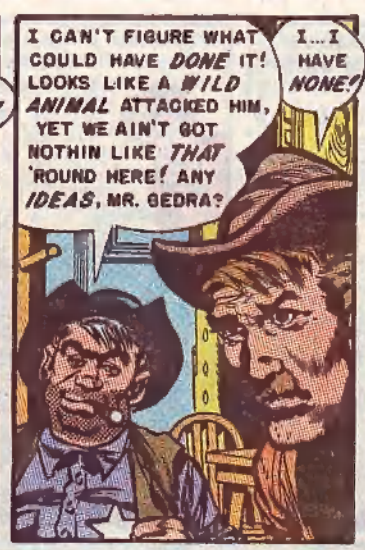
WEREWOLVES! IN *AMERICA!* I CAN *HARDLY* BELIEVE IT *MYSELF!*

SO MY FATHER DROVE US INTO TOWN, MY BROTHER EDWARD AND MYSELF, AND SOON OUR LITTLE FARM WAS ALIVE WITH THE CURIOUS WHO CAME OUT FROM ALL AROUND TO SEE THE GORY SIGHT...

TORN TO SHREDS!

HORRIBLE! CHOKE.

THE SHERIFF QUESTIONED MY FATHER FOR SOME TIME...
AND YOU HEARD NO SCREAMS, MR. GEDRA? NO CRIES... LAST NIGHT?
I HEARD NOTHING!


I CAN'T FIGURE WHAT COULD HAVE DONE IT! LOOKS LIKE A WILD ANIMAL ATTACKED HIM, YET WE AIN'T GOT NOTHIN LIKE THAT 'ROUND HERE! ANY IDEAS, MR. GEDRA?
I... I HAVE NONE!

MEANWHILE, MY YOUNGER BROTHER WAS MINGLING WITH THE LOCAL FARM-BOYS...
MAYBE IT WAS AN ESCAPED LION...FROM A CIRCUS!
AW, WE WOULD'VE HEARD ABOUT IT ON THE RADIO!
MY PAPA SAYS IT WAS A WEREWOLF!

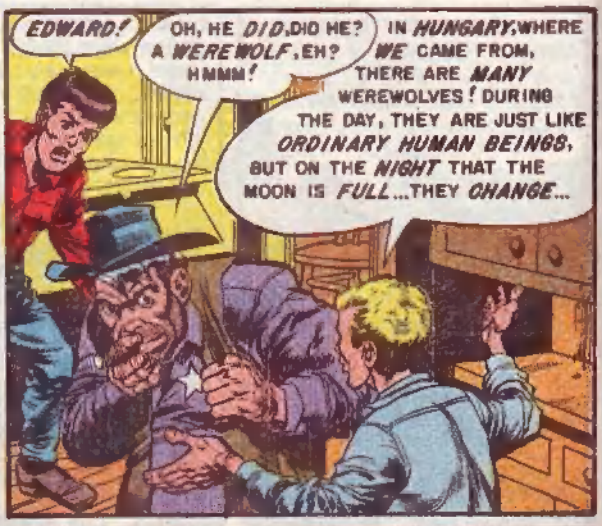
A... A WEREWOLF?
WHAT'S THAT?
A WEREWOLF IS A HUMAN BEING WHO CHANGES, WHEN THE FULL MOON COMES UP, INTO A VICIOUS FLESH-CRAVING WOLF!

AW! COMIC BOOK STUFF! WHO BELIEVES IN THAT JUNK?
IN MY OLD COUNTRY... IN HUNGARY...THE PEOPLE THERE BELIEVE IN WEREWOLVES!
EDWARD!

TELL THEM, PETER! TELL THEM THAT THERE REALLY ARE SUCH THINGS AS WEREWOLVES!
MY...MY BROTHER HAS A VIVID IMAGINATION! YOU...YOU SHOULD EXCUSE HIM! COME INSIDE, EDWARD!
AW! WE DIDN'T BELIEVE HIM, ANYWAY!

I PUSHED EDWARD INTO THE HOUSE...
WHY DON'T YOU LEARN TO KEEP YOUR BIG MOUTH SHUT?
BUT WHAT HARM IS THERE IN TALKING ABOUT WEREWOLVES?
WEREWOLVES? EH? WHO SAID SOMETHIN' 'BOUT WEREWOLVES?

IT WAS SHERIFF HUDSON! HE'D OVERHEARD US! HE STOOD THERE, GLARING DOWN AT US, HIS BUSHY EYEBROWS ARCHED...
WELL...WHAT ABOUT WEREWOLVES?
N-NOTHING, SIR! WE DIDN'T SAY...
PAPA SAYS IT'S THE WORK OF A WEREWOLF... THAT KILLING!

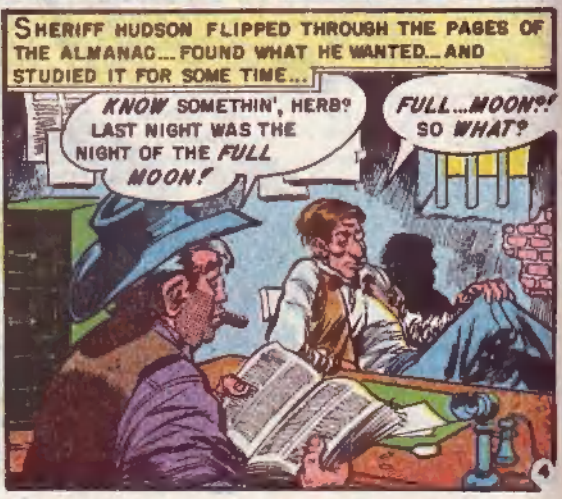

EDWARD!
OH, HE DID, DID HE? A WEREWOLF, EH? HMMM!
IN HUNGARY, WHERE WE CAME FROM, THERE ARE MANY WEREWOLVES! DURING THE DAY, THEY ARE JUST LIKE ORDINARY HUMAN BEINGS, BUT ON THE NIGHT THAT THE MOON IS FULL...THEY CHANGE...

THEY CHANGE INTO A WOLF, EH? AND THEY EAT HUMAN FLESH?
W-WHY, SHERIFF! YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT THEM, DON'T YOU?

YES! I DO! OKAY, BOYS! LET'S GO! WRAP THAT CRITTER IN A SACK AND LET'S CLEAR OUT OF HERE!
OKAY, SHERIFF!

AFTER THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTIES AND THE TOWNSPEOPLE HAD LEFT OUR FARM, I TOLD MY FATHER ABOUT EDWARD...AND HIS BIG MOUTH...
...AND HE TOLD EVERYBODY... EVEN THE SHERIFF!
WELL! I WOULDN'T WORRY TOO MUCH, PETER! THEY WON'T BELIEVE IT, ANYWAY!

BUT FATHER WAS WRONG! SHERIFF HUDSON WENT BACK TO TOWN TO HIS OFFICE AND...
HAND ME THAT ALMANAC THERE, HERB! SOMETHIN' I WANT TO LOOK UP!
SURE THING, SHERIFF! HERE Y'ARE!
WANTED


SHERIFF HUDSON FLIPPED THROUGH THE PAGES OF THE ALMANAC...FOUND WHAT HE WANTED...AND STUDIED IT FOR SOME TIME...
KNOW SOMETHIN', HERB? LAST NIGHT WAS THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON!
FULL...MOON?! SO WHAT?

SHERIFF HUDSON MADE A TRIP TO THE TOWN LIBRARY AFTER THAT! HE WANTED TO READ UP ON...

WEREWOLVES?! OH, DEAR! LET ME SEE! W...W! WER... *WEREWOLVES!* AH... *YES*, WE *HAVE* A BOOK THAT COVERS THE SUBJECT...

LET ME SEE IT, EH, MISS PURDLEY?

ABOUT A MONTH LATER, I WAS AWAKENED FROM A FITFUL SLEEP BY THE SOUND OF A DISTANT HOWLING. I GOT UP AND RAN TO MY FATHER'S BEDROOM. HE WAS FAST ASLEEP...

PAPA? PAPA?

HUH? PETER? THAT YOU...

WE SAT FOR A WHILE LISTENING TO THE HOWLS! MY FATHER REASSURED ME, PATTING MY BACK...

PROBABLY JUST AN OLD DOG HOWLING AT THE MOON, MY SON! GO BACK TO SLEEP!

Y-YES, PAPA!

BUT LATER THAT NIGHT, I WAS AWAKENED BY...

PETER! SOMEONE'S HAMMERING ON THE *DOOR! WAKE UP?*

WHA...? OH! *EDWARD!* WHO *IS* IT?

WE HEARD ANGRY VOICES! WE TIP-TOED TO THE KITCHEN! FATHER WAS ARGUING WITH SOME MEN! SHERIFF HUDSON WAS WITH THEM...

NO! YOU ARE *WRONG! I AM NO WEREWOLF! I SWEAR* IT!

YOU COME FROM *HUNGARY*, DON'T YOU! WOLFSBANE *GROWS* IN HUNGARY!

WE COWERED IN THE DOORWAY... FRIGHTENED... LISTENING...

YES! BUT I...

WE FOUND *ANOTHER VICTIM*, GEDRA! HE WAS KILLED *TONIGHT! TORN TO* PIECES AND *PARTIALLY EATEN!* THERE'S A *FULL MOON* OUT *TONIGHT.* WEREWOLVES *ATTACK* WHEN THE MOON IS *FULL!*

AND *WEREWOLVES* COME FROM *HUNGARY*...

WE DIDN'T *HAVE* NO KILLIN'S LIKE THIS BEFORE *YOU* COME HERE!

SO *YOU* MUST BE *THE WEREWOLF*...

THEY GRABBED MY FATHER AND DRAGGED HIM FROM THE HOUSE...

PAPA!

PAPA!

WE KNOW HOW TO GET *RID* OF A *WEREWOLF*, GEDRA! HANK, HERE, CARVED A *SILVER BULLET!*

AND THERE...IN THE MOONLIGHT...IN THE FARMYARD... THEY SHOT MY FATHER WITH THAT SILVER BULLET...

PAPA...SOB... PAPA...

HE... HE'S *DEAD*, EDWARD! THEY...*KILLED* HIM!

EDWARD LOOKED AT ME WITH TEAR-FILLED EYES...

PAPA WASN'T... SOB... THE *WEREWOLF WAS* HE, PETER? SOB...SOB...

NO! HE *COULDN'T* HAVE BEEN! I *SAW* HIM TONIGHT.. *SLEEPING*...IN HIS *ROOM!*

EDWARD'S FACE GREW GRIM! HE CHOKED BACK HIS TEARS...

I'LL *GET* HIM! I'LL *GET* THE WEREWOLF! I *KNOW* WHO IT IS! I CAN *TELL!*

WHO, EDWARD? *WHO IS IT?*

IT'S THAT *SHERIFF!* DID YOU EVER NOTICE THE WAY HIS *EYEBROWS GROW TOGETHER? THAT'S* THE SIGN OF A *WEREWOLF!* NEXT MONTH, WHEN THE MOON IS FULL, I'LL *WAIT* FOR HIM, AND...

WHAT CAN YOU *DO*, EDWARD? YOU HAVE NO *GUN*...NO *SILVER BULLET!*

NO, BUT I HAVE *THESE!* A *SLING-SHOT*...AND A *SILVER DOLLAR!*

A *SLING-SHOT!* AND A *SILVER DOLLAR!* BUT HOW CAN YOU KILL A WEREWOLF WITH A *SILVER DOLLAR*...

IT TOOK EDWARD MANY DAYS TO FILE DOWN THE EDGE OF THE SILVER DOLLAR TILL IT WAS RAZOR-SHARP...
YOU SEE, PETER? ONCE I HAVE SHARPENED THE EDGE, I WILL HAVE A LETHAL SILVER MISSILE...
AND YOU WILL FIRE IT WITH THE SLING-SHOT?

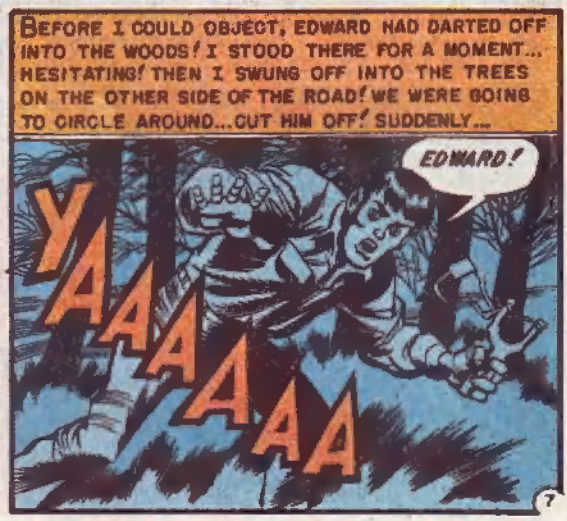
EXACTLY! I MEAN TO AVENGE OUR FATHER'S DEATH! HE WAS INNOCENT! AND I WILL PROVE IT!
WE WILL DO IT TOGETHER, EDWARD! IN THREE WEEKS, WHEN THE MOON IS FULL, WE WILL CLEAR OUR FATHER'S NAME TOGETHER!

AND SO I TOO SET ABOUT SHARPENING THE EDGE OF A SILVER DOLLAR, AND FASHIONING A POWERFUL SLING SHOT...

...AND WHEN THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON CAME, MY YOUNGER BROTHER EDWARD AND I WERE READY...
COME, PETER! IT IS TIME! WE MUST GO...
YES, EDWARD!

WE CROSSED THE FIELDS TOWARD TOWN...LISTENING...HOPING...
HUSH! WHAT WAS THAT?
I HEARD NOTHING, EDWARD!

AND THEN WE SAW IT...A SHADOWY FIGURE STEALING DOWN A LONELY COUNTRY ROAD...
LOOK! IS THAT HIM? UP AHEAD?
LET'S SEPARATE, PETER! YOU GO THAT WAY! I'LL GO THIS...WAY...


BEFORE I COULD OBJECT, EDWARD HAD DARTED OFF INTO THE WOODS! I STOOD THERE FOR A MOMENT... HESITATING! THEN I SWUNG OFF INTO THE TREES ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD! WE WERE GOING TO CIRCLE AROUND...CUT HIM OFF! SUDDENLY...
EDWARD!
YAAAAAA

I RAN AS FAST AS I COULD TOWARD THE SCREAMING... SLIPPING THE RAZOR-SHARP SILVER DOLLAR INTO THE SLING-SHOT...

EDWARD! I'M COMING! I'M COMING!

AS I BURST OUT INTO THE CLEARING, I SAW IT! A HORRIBLE, HAIRY, RED-EYED CREATURE... ITS MOUTH DRIPPING BLOOD... BENDING OVER ITS VICTIM...

EDWARD! I... I... OH, MY LORD! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HIM...

I TOOK CAREFUL AIM...

...AND LET MY SLING-SHOT SNAP...

VIP!

THE SILVER DOLLAR ENTERED THE WEREWOLF'S THROBBING THROAT...

SPLAT!

...AND IT PITCHED FORWARD! AND EVEN AS I WATCHED, THOSE DISGUSTING FANGS SHRANK... THE HAIR DISAPPEARED... THE EYES DARKENED... AND THE AGONIZED FACE OF MY YOUNGER BROTHER TOOK SHAPE...

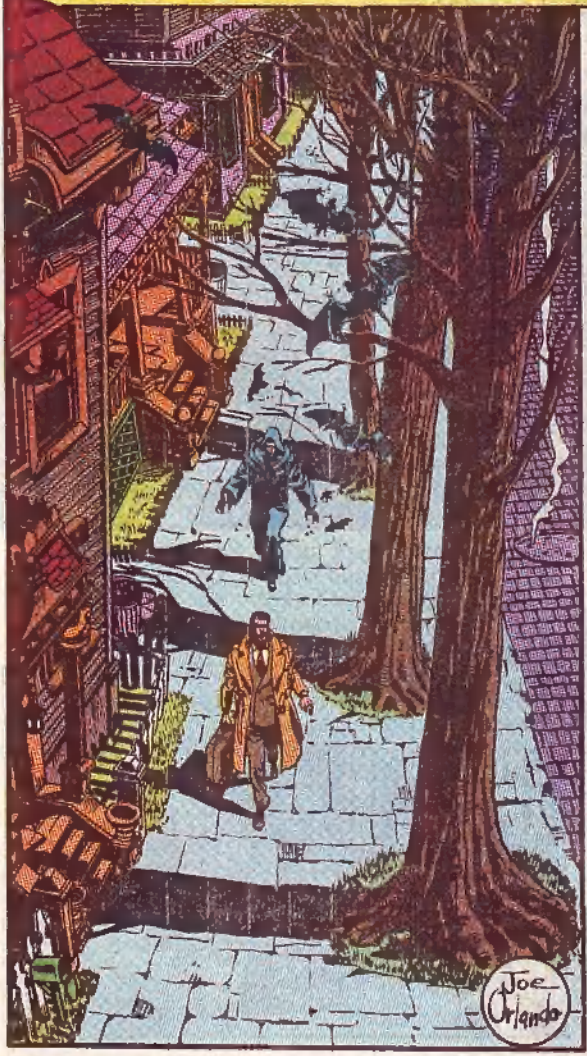
EDWARD... CHOKE! OH... SOB... EDWARD...

HEH, HEH! YEP, KIDDIES! *YOUNG EDWARD* WAS THE WEREWOLF *ALL ALONG!* ONLY HE DIDN'T EVEN *KNOW* IT! AND THAT'S THE STORY THE WAY *PETER GEDRA* TOLD IT TO *ME!* YEP! THAT NIGHT, HE AND EDWARD *DID* CLEAR THEIR *FATHER'S NAME!* MESSED UP *EDWARD'S*, THOUGH! OH, BY THE WAY! PETER'S GIVEN ME A NICE *RECIPE!* THINK I'LL TURN IT OVER TO THE *OLD WITCH!* IT'S FOR *HUNGARIAN GHOUL*-OSH! SEE YOU LATER! *V.K. AWAITS!*

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! LOOKS LIKE *SUPERNATURAL* IS THE ORDER OF THE DAY, EH, FIENDS? C.K. TOLD YOU A *WEREWOLF* STORY, SO I'LL TELL YOU ONE ABOUT *VAMPIRES!* WELCOME TO THE *VAULT OF HORROR!* THIS IS YOUR *VAULT-KEEPER* SHRIEKING! I CALL THIS BLOOD-CURDLING TALE FROM MY BLOODY COLLECTION

MIDNIGHT MESS!



THE CLOCK IN THE STEEPLE OF THE VILLAGE HALL CHIMED FIVE AS HAROLD MADISON MOVED ACROSS THE SQUARE FROM THE RAILROAD STATION. IN THE DISTANCE, THE TRAIN WHISTLED OFF INTO THE GATHERING TWILIGHT. HAROLD GAZED UP AT THE CLOCK TOWER STILL ECHOING THE LAST CHIME, LOOKED AROUND AT THE QUAINT BUILDINGS LINING THE SQUARE, AND CHUCKLED...

THE VILLAGE SQUARE WAS STRANGELY DESERTED. HAROLD SET DOWN HIS VALISE AND SCRATCHED HIS HEAD...

NOBODY AROUND! NO CABS! NO NOTHIN'! WELL, HOW ■ BLAZES WILL I FIND MY SISTER'S HOUSE? ALL I KNOW IS THE ADDRESS!

A NERVOUS LOOKING OLD MAN CAME OUT OF ONE OF THE SMALL STORES, LOCKED THE DOOR, AND HURRIED ACROSS THE SQUARE TOWARD HAROLD. HE KEPT LOOKING AROUND AS IF HE WERE BEING FOLLOWED. HAROLD CALLED TO HIM...

HEY! HEY, YOU! WHERE'S SHORE STREET? 1223 SHORE STREET?

EH! SHORE STREET? WEST... TWO BLOCKS! THEN EAST... THREE! BUT YOU'D BETTER HURRY! IT'S GETTING DARK!

THE NERVOUS OLD MAN TROTTED ON PAST HAROLD, NOT EVEN STOPPING FOR AN INSTANT...

SO IT'S GETTING DARK! SO WHAT?

YOU'RE A STRANGER HERE, AREN'T YOU? YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT THEM!

NO! I DON'T! ER... KNOW ABOUT WHAT?

THE VAMPIRES!

THE... THE WHO? THE VAMPIRES? AW, C'MON...

BETTER HURRY! IT'LL BE SUNDOWN SOON. VAMPIRES COME OUT AFTER SUNDOWN!

THEN THE OLD MAN WAS GONE; UP A NARROW ALLEY! HAROLD LAUGHED AND CONTINUED ON ACROSS THE SQUARE. A SIGN CAUGHT HIS EYE...

AH! A RESTAURANT! I COULD DO WITH A BITE TO EAT! I'M STARVED!

RESTAURANT

THE RESTAURANT WAS SMALL, BUT THE MIRRORED WALL AT THE FAR END MADE IT APPEAR MUCH LARGER THAN IT ACTUALLY WAS. EXCEPT FOR ONE OR TWO PEOPLE WHO WERE FINISHING THEIR MEALS, THE PLACE WAS EMPTY. A WAITER CAME FORWARD...

I... I'M SORRY, SIR! BUT WE ARE CLOSING! IT IS ALMOST DARK, YOU KNOW!

WHAT THE...? YOU... TOO! WHAT IF IT IS GETTING DARK? IT'S DINNER TIME... AND I'M HUNGRY!

THE WAITER SHOOK HIS HEAD...

WE *CLOSE* IN ORDER THAT OUR HELP MAY GET *HOME BEFORE SUNDOWN*, SIR! THE *VAMPIRES*, YOU KNOW!

VAMPIRES?! WHAT VAMPIRES!

FOR A MOMENT THE WAITER STARED AT HAROLD! THEN HIS EYES FELL TO HIS SUITCASE...

OH! YOU'RE A *STRANGER* HERE! THEN YOU DO NOT *KNOW* WHAT IS *HAPPENING!*

NO! I DON'T! WHAT'S THIS ALL *ABOUT?*

THERE HAVE BEEN *SEVENTEEN CASES* SO FAR. *BODIES* FOUND WITH *EVERY DROP OF BLOOD DRAINED OUT OF THEM*. THE WHOLE TOWN IS IN THE GRIP OF *FEAR*. IT'S THE WORK OF *VAMPIRES!*

BAH! NO SUCH *THING!*

NEVERTHELESS, I SUGGEST THAT YOU GET TO WHERE YOU'RE GOING *BEFORE* IT BECOMES DARK AND THE *VAMPIRES* BEGIN TO ROAM THE STREETS LOOKING FOR A *VICTIM!*

OKAY! OKAY! I'M GOING! WHERE'S *1223 SHORE STREET?* CAN YOU TELL ME *THAT?*

OF COURSE! WEST...TWO BLOCKS! THEN EAST...THREE! GOOD-NIGHT!

GOOD NIGHT! HMMPH! IS *EVERYBODY* ■ THIS BERG *NUTS? VAMPIRES! HMMPH!*

HAROLD STALKED THROUGH THE TOWN TOWARD HIS SISTER'S HOUSE! AS HE WENT, HE COULD HEAR DOORS BEING LOCKED AND BOLTED, BLINDS BEING DRAWN. FINALLY...

YES? WHO'S *OUT* THERE?

DONNA?! IT'S *ME! HAROLD!* YOUR *BROTHER!*

HAROLD'S SISTER THREW OPEN THE DOOR...

HAROLD! YOU...YOU WEREN'T *OUT* THERE... IN THE *DARK!*

OH, *NO! DONNA!* DON'T TELL ME *YOU* BELIEVE IN THIS *VAMPIRE* BUSINESS, *TOO!*

DONNA LOCKED AND BOLTED THE DOOR BEHIND HAROLD, AND TURNED TO FACE HIM, HER EYES WIDE IN TERROR...

OF *COURSE* I BELIEVE THE VAMPIRES! *SEVENTEEN VILLAGERS MURDERED ALREADY!* BLOOD DRAINED! WHAT *ELSE* COULD HAVE *DONE* IT...?

DONNA! THERE'RE NO SUCH *THINGS* AS VAMPIRES! THEY'RE *MYTHS*...

PERHAPS... PERHAPS THERE'S A *HOMICIDAL MANIAC* LOOSE IN THIS TOWN? CERTAINLY THERE MUST BE A *LOGICAL* EXPLANATION! BUT NOT *VAMPIRES*. IT'S *RIDICULOUS!*

ALL RIGHT, HAROLD! *BELIEVE* WHAT YOU *WANT* TO BELIEVE! NOW LET'S *FORGET* ABOUT IT! COME *INSIDE!* TELL ME! WHY THE *SURPRISE VISIT?*

WELL! I WAS ON MY WAY TO THE *COAST* AND I THOUGHT I'D *DROP IN ON YOU*...

IT'S GOOD TO *SEE* YOU, HAROLD! YOU'RE *LOOKING WELL!*

THAT NIGHT, HAROLD MADISON COULD NOT SLEEP! HE TOSSED AND TURNED ON THE COT DONNA HAD SET UP FOR HIM. FINALLY HE GOT UP AND DRESSED...

GUESS I'LL GO FOR A *WALK!*

OUT INTO THE DESERTED STREETS, HAROLD MOVED... DOWN SILENT DARK SIDEWALKS... TOWARD THE VILLAGE SQUARE...

VAMPIRES! HMMPH!

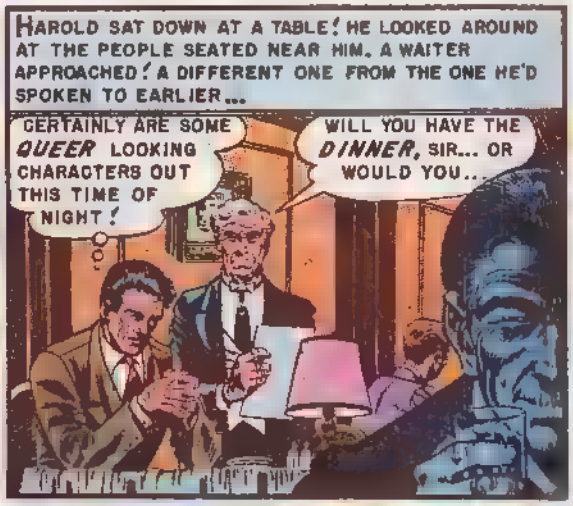
EVERY DOOR, EVERY WINDOW THAT HAROLD PASSED WAS LOCKED UP TIGHT AND DARK! THE VILLAGE SQUARE WAS EMPTY AND SILENT...

NOT A *SOUL* OUT! THEY SURE ROLL THIS TOWN UP TIGHTER'N A *DRUM* AFTER DARK!

AND THEN HE HEARD IT... THE LAUGHTER AND THE GAY CHATTER. IT CAME FROM A FAMILIAR BUILDING...

WELL I'LL BE!... THE *RESTAURANT* I WAS THIS AFTERNOON! IT'S *OPEN!* THERE'RE *PEOPLE* GOING IN!

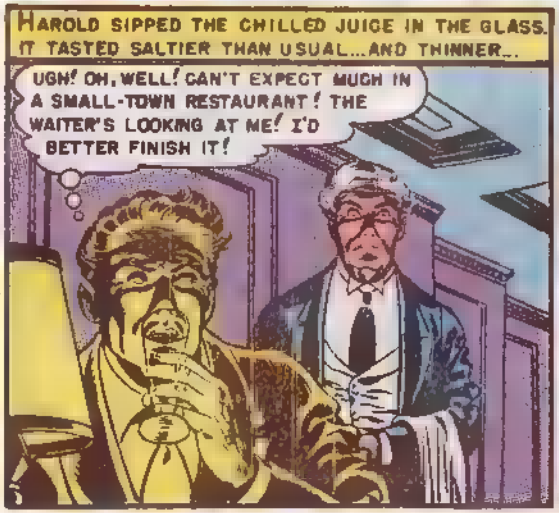
THE RESTAURANT WAS ALL LIT UP. PEOPLE SAT AT TABLES, TALKING AND EATING, HAROLD WENT IN...
THAT'S WHY I COULDN'T SLEEP! I WAS HUNGRY! GUESS I'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT!

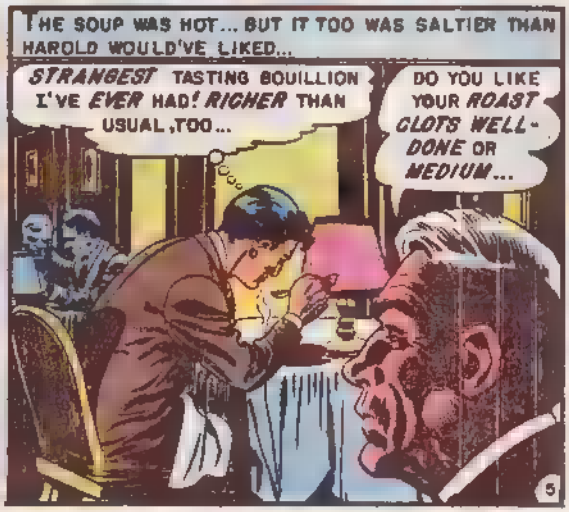

HAROLD SAT DOWN AT A TABLE! HE LOOKED AROUND AT THE PEOPLE SEATED NEAR HIM. A WAITER APPROACHED! A DIFFERENT ONE FROM THE ONE HE'D SPOKEN TO EARLIER...
CERTAINLY ARE SOME QUEER LOOKING CHARACTERS OUT THIS TIME OF NIGHT!
WILL YOU HAVE THE DINNER, SIR... OR WOULD YOU...

THE WAITER LOOKED AT HAROLD WITH DARK PIERCING EYES.... HAROLD SMILED UNCOMFORTABLY...
OH...HEH... THE DINNER WILL BE FINE! ER... WHAT'S THE MENU TONIGHT?
JUICE ...SOUP... ROAST WITH FRENCH-FRIES COFFEE... SHERBET...

HAROLD LICKED HIS LIPS...
GOOD! SAY! I AM HUNGRY! HEH...HEH!
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

THE WAITER WENT AWAY AND CAME BACK WITH A GLASS OF JUICE...
AH! TOMATO JUICE!
VERY FUNNY!


HAROLD SIPPED THE CHILLED JUICE IN THE GLASS. IT TASTED SALTIER THAN USUAL...AND THINNER...
UGH! OH, WELL! CAN'T EXPECT MUCH IN A SMALL-TOWN RESTAURANT! THE WAITER'S LOOKING AT ME! I'D BETTER FINISH IT!

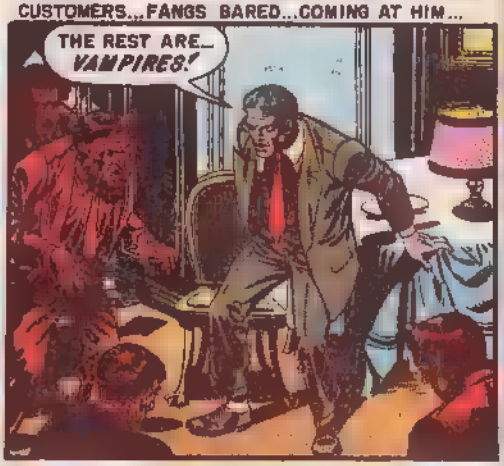

THE SOUP WAS HOT... BUT IT TOO WAS SALTIER THAN HAROLD WOULD'VE LIKED...
STRANGEST TASTING BOUILLION I'VE EVER HAD! RICHER THAN USUAL, TOO...
DO YOU LIKE YOUR ROAST CLOTS WELL-DONE OR MEDIUM...

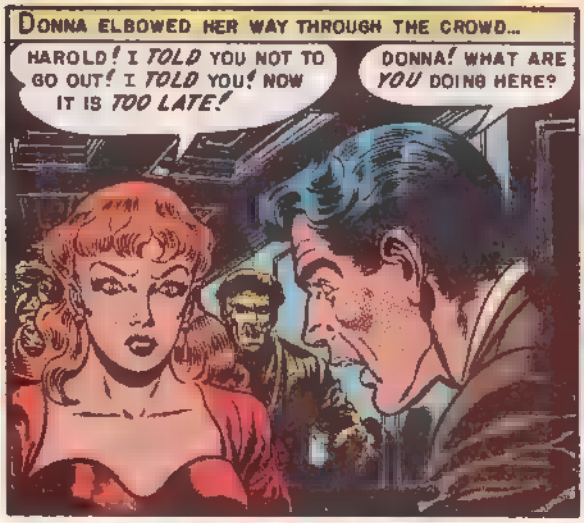
ROAST... WHAT?
CLOTS! ROAST BLOOD CLOTS! SAY! WHO ARE YOU?

BLOOD!? OH... MY... CHOKE...
DRAW THE CURTAIN! DRAW THE CURTAIN!
THERE'S AN INTRUDER IN OUR MIDST...

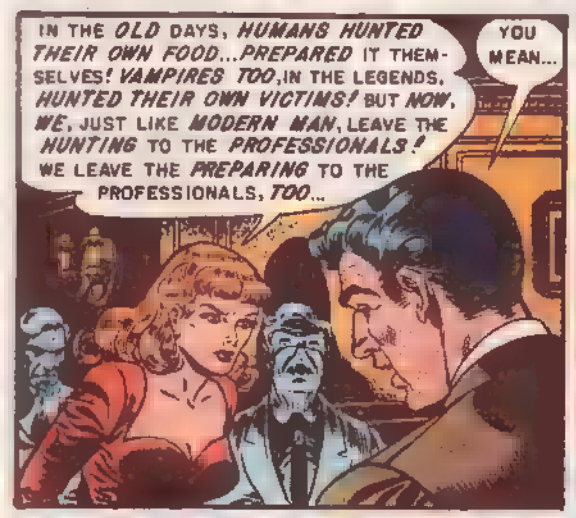
AND THEN HAROLD NOTICED THAT THE MIRROR ON THE BACK WALL OF THE RESTAURANT WAS CURTAINED... AND NOW THE CURTAIN WAS BEING OPENED...
GOOD LORD!

THE RESTAURANT WAS CROWDED WITH PEOPLE... AND YET, IN THE REFLECTION, IN THE MIRROR... HAROLD SAT ALONE IN THE PLACE...
ONLY... GASP... ONLY I CAST A REFLECTION! THE REST...

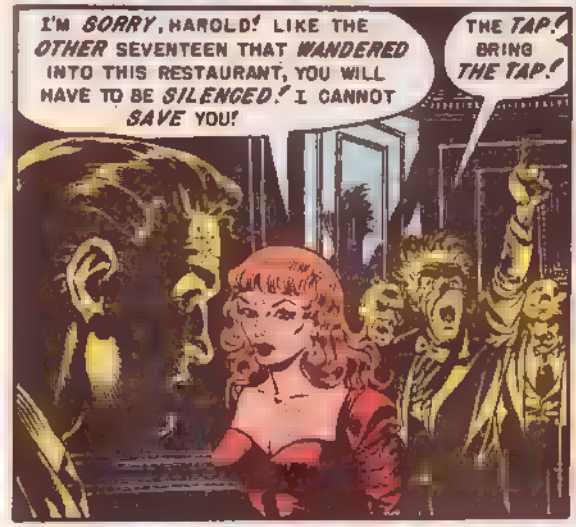

SUDDENLY THEY WERE AROUND HIM... THE OTHER CUSTOMERS... FANGS BARED... COMING AT HIM...
THE REST ARE... VAMPIRES!


DONNA ELBOWED HER WAY THROUGH THE CROWD...
HAROLD! I TOLD YOU NOT TO GO OUT! I TOLD YOU! NOW IT IS TOO LATE!
DONNA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

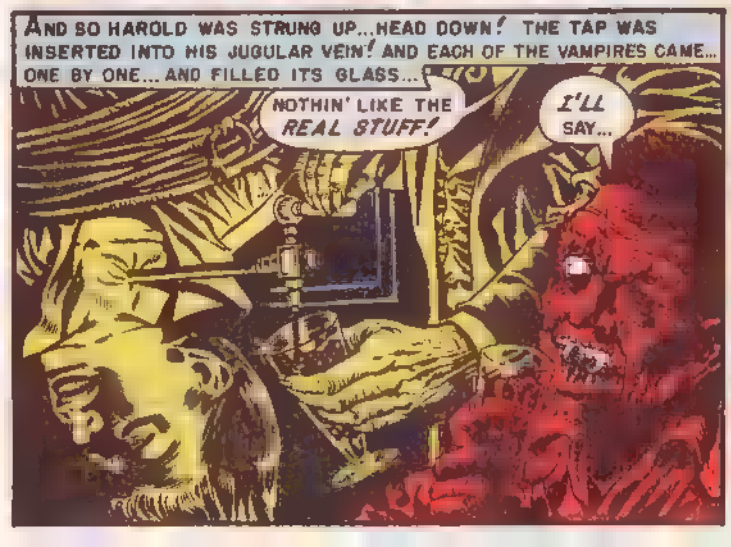
I'M ONE OF THEM, HAROLD! I'M A VAMPIRE TOO! WHY DO YOU THINK I CAME TO THIS TOWN? I HAD TO! IT WAS THE ONLY PLACE I COULD GO...
BUT THIS RESTAURANT. I DON'T... UNDERSTAND...

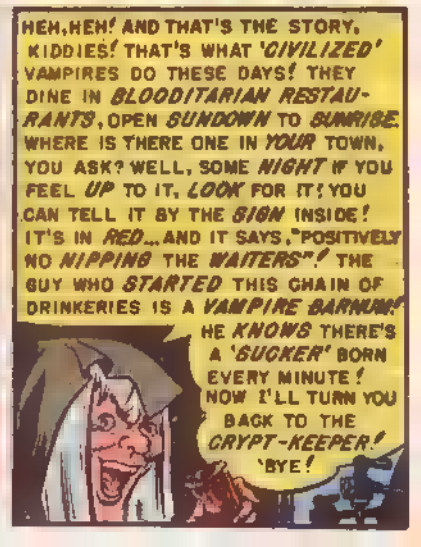

IN THE OLD DAYS, HUMANS HUNTED THEIR OWN FOOD...PREPARED IT THEMSELVES! VAMPIRES TOO, IN THE LEGENDS, HUNTED THEIR OWN VICTIMS! BUT NOW, WE, JUST LIKE MODERN MAN, LEAVE THE HUNTING TO THE PROFESSIONALS! WE LEAVE THE PREPARING TO THE PROFESSIONALS, TOO...
YOU MEAN...

THIS RESTAURANT SERVES BLOOD DISHES... LIKE A VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT SERVES VEGETABLE DISHES. BLOOD-JUICE-COCKTAIL... HOT BLOOD-CONSOMME... ROAST BLOOD-CLOTS... FRENCH-FRIED SCABS... BLOOD SHERBET...
CHOKE...


I'M SORRY, HAROLD! LIKE THE OTHER SEVENTEEN THAT WANDERED INTO THIS RESTAURANT, YOU WILL HAVE TO BE SILENCED! I CANNOT SAVE YOU!
THE TAP! BRING THE TAP!

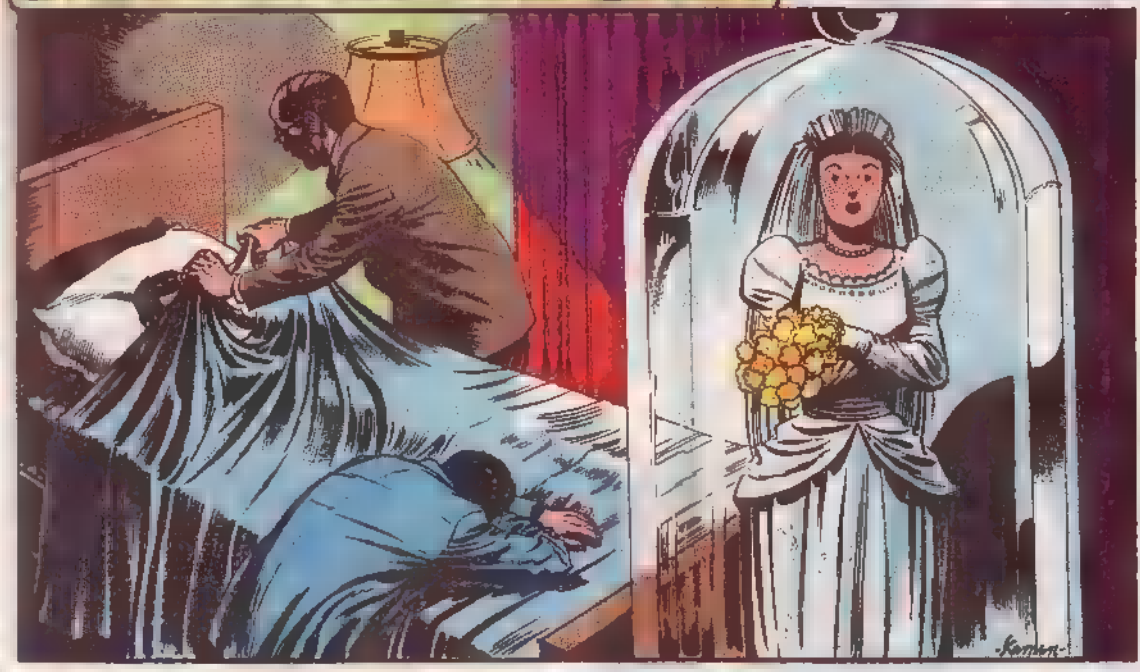
HAROLD WAS LIFTED BODILY BY THE GIGGLING CROWD OF VAMPIRES WHILE HIS SISTER LOOKED ON UNCONCERNEDLY. ONE VAMPIRE BROUGHT A ROPE! ANOTHER...THE TAP...
TIE UP HIS FEET!
STRING HIM UP!
A PARTY!


AND SO HAROLD WAS STRUNG UP...HEAD DOWN! THE TAP WAS INSERTED INTO HIS JUGULAR VEIN! AND EACH OF THE VAMPIRES CAME... ONE BY ONE... AND FILLED ITS GLASS...
NOTHIN' LIKE THE REAL STUFF!
I'LL SAY...


HEH, HEH! AND THAT'S THE STORY, KIDDIES! THAT'S WHAT 'CIVILIZED' VAMPIRES DO THESE DAYS! THEY DINE IN BLOODITARIAN RESTAURANTS, OPEN SUNDOWN TO SUNRISE. WHERE IS THERE ONE IN YOUR TOWN, YOU ASK? WELL, SOME NIGHT IF YOU FEEL UP TO IT, LOOK FOR IT! YOU CAN TELL IT BY THE SIGN INSIDE! IT'S IN RED... AND IT SAYS, "POSITIVELY NO NIPPING THE WAITERS"! THE GUY WHO STARTED THIS CHAIN OF DRINKERIES IS A VAMPIRE BARNUM! HE KNOWS THERE'S A 'SUCKER' BORN EVERY MINUTE! NOW I'LL TURN YOU BACK TO THE CRYPT-KEEPER! 'BYE!

HERE'S A YARN THAT FIGURES TO END UP PRETTY HORRIBLE...

BUSTED MARRIAGE!



JEFFREY HORN WAS A DESPERATE MAN. HE WANTED MONEY. HE WANTED THE COMFORTS MONEY COULD BRING HIM. AND LOUISE BRITTLING WAS RICH... *VERY RICH*, SO HE SWALLOWED HIS PRIDE... AND PROPOSED...

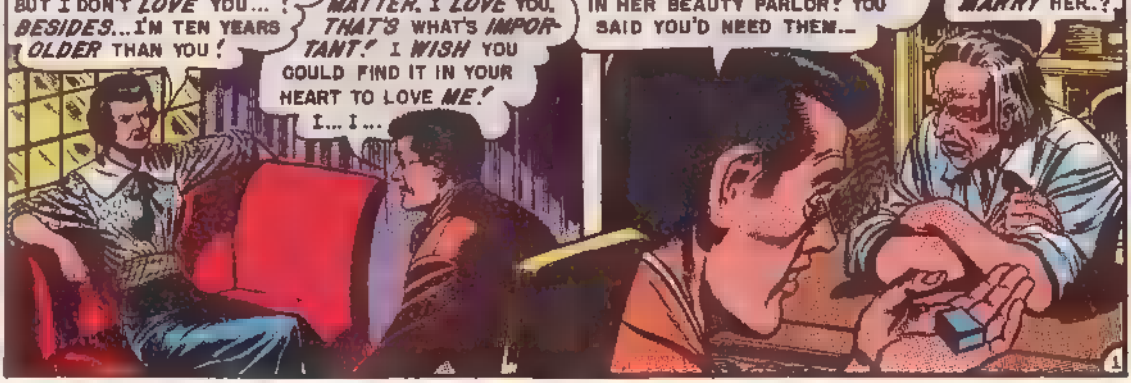
YOU'RE... VERY NICE, JEFFREY... BUT I DON'T *LOVE* YOU... ! *BESIDES*... I'M TEN YEARS *OLDER* THAN YOU!

LOUISE! *AGE* DOESN'T *MATTER*. I *LOVE* YOU. *THAT'S* WHAT'S *IMPORTANT*! I *WISH* YOU COULD FIND IT IN YOUR HEART TO LOVE *ME*! I... I...

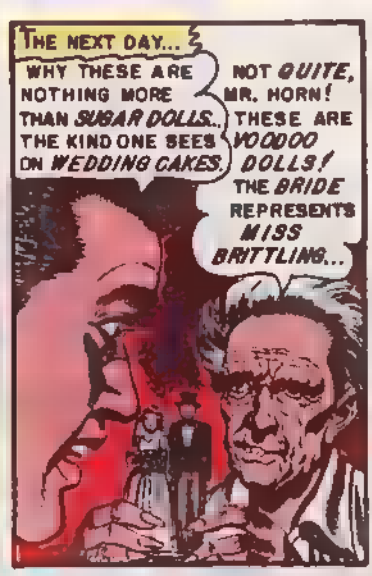
BUT JEFFREY HORN WAS NOT ONE TO GIVE UP EASILY. HE'D HEARD ABOUT THE LITTLE SHOP DOWNTOWN WITH THE STRANGE NATIVE PROPRIETOR...

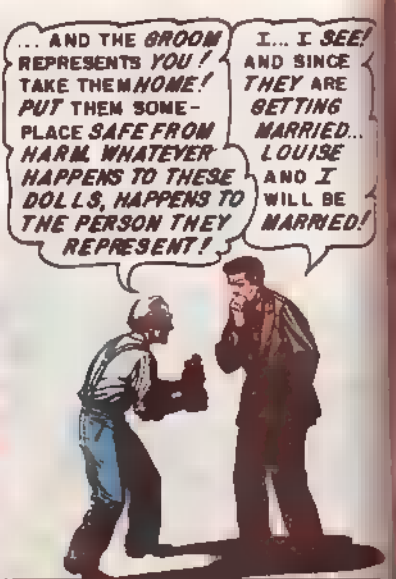
I *FOLLOWED* HER WHEREVER SHE WENT. I PICKED UP THESE HAIR CLIPPINGS AND NAIL CLIPPINGS IN HER BEAUTY PARLOR! YOU SAID YOU'D NEED THEM...

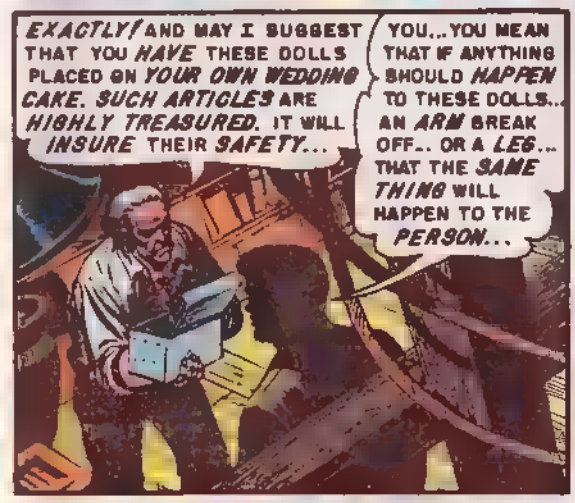
GOOD! GOOD! NOW! YOU SAY YOU WANT TO *MARRY* HER..?

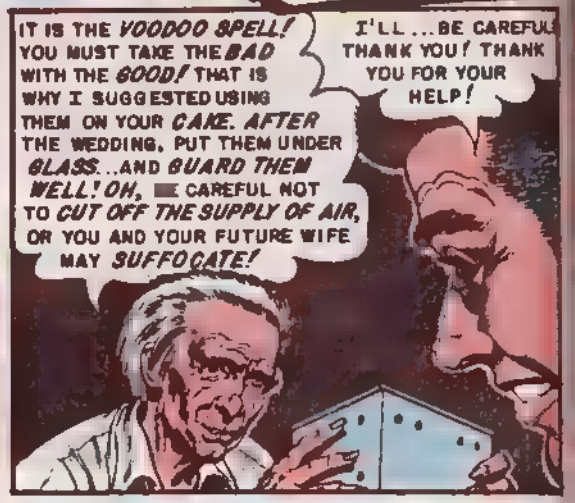


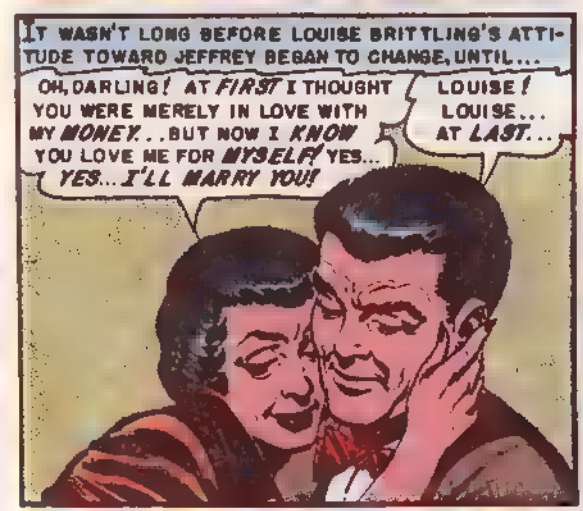
YES! I WANT HER TO CONSENT TO BE MY WIFE! I WANT US TO BE MARRIED...
LEAVE ME CLIPPINGS FROM YOUR HAIR AND NAILS, AND COME BACK TOMORROW! I WILL BE READY!


THE NEXT DAY...
WHY THESE ARE NOTHING MORE THAN SUGAR DOLLS... THE KIND ONE SEES ON WEDDING CAKES.
NOT QUITE, MR. HORN! THESE ARE VOODOO DOLLS! THE BRIDE REPRESENTS MISS BRITTLING...


... AND THE GROOM REPRESENTS YOU! TAKE THEM HOME! PUT THEM SOMEPLACE SAFE FROM HARM. WHATEVER HAPPENS TO THESE DOLLS, HAPPENS TO THE PERSON THEY REPRESENT!
I... I SEE! AND SINCE THEY ARE GETTING MARRIED... LOUISE AND I WILL BE MARRIED!


EXACTLY! AND MAY I SUGGEST THAT YOU HAVE THESE DOLLS PLACED ON YOUR OWN WEDDING CAKE. SUCH ARTICLES ARE HIGHLY TREASURED. IT WILL INSURE THEIR SAFETY...
YOU...YOU MEAN THAT IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO THESE DOLLS... AN ARM BREAK OFF... OR A LEG... THAT THE SAME THING WILL HAPPEN TO THE PERSON...


IT IS THE VOODOO SPELL! YOU MUST TAKE THE BAD WITH THE GOOD! THAT IS WHY I SUGGESTED USING THEM ON YOUR CAKE. AFTER THE WEDDING, PUT THEM UNDER GLASS...AND GUARD THEM WELL! OH, BE CAREFUL NOT TO CUT OFF THE SUPPLY OF AIR, OR YOU AND YOUR FUTURE WIFE MAY SUFFOCATE!
I'LL ...BE CAREFUL THANK YOU! THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP!


IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE LOUISE BRITTLING'S ATTITUDE TOWARD JEFFREY BEGAN TO CHANGE, UNTIL...
OH, DARLING! AT FIRST I THOUGHT YOU WERE MERELY IN LOVE WITH MY MONEY...BUT NOW I KNOW YOU LOVE ME FOR MYSELF! YES... YES...I'LL MARRY YOU!
LOUISE! LOUISE... AT LAST...

AND SO... THEY WERE MARRIED! AND THE FIGURES STOOD UPON THE LAVISH WEDDING CAKE... AND SMILED...
JEFFREY! I'M SO HAPPY! LIKE THOSE FIGURES...ON OUR CAKE!
LET'S...SAVE THOSE FIGURES, HONEY... FOR ALWAYS! THEY WILL BE A SYMBOL OF OUR HAPPINESS...

SO WITH SLUSH LIKE THAT, JEFFREY MANAGED TO HAVE THE VOODOO FIGURES PLACED IN A LOCKED CHINA CLOSET UNDER A GLASS BELL IN LOUISE'S PALATIAL HOME...

THERE! AND EVERY TIME WE HAVE A SPAT OR A MISUNDERSTANDING, THESE FIGURES WILL REMIND US OF HOW HAPPY WE WERE AT THIS MOMENT!

OPEN THE WINDOW, JEFF! IT'S SO HOT IN HERE...

JEFFREY LAUGHED AND SHOT A TROUBLED GLANCE AT THE FIGURINES INSIDE THE CHINA CLOSET...

HEH! IT'S *ONLY* WARM FOR *NEW BRIDES*, HONEY! GO ON *UPSTAIRS*! *I'LL* BE *UP* IN A *MINUTE*!

ALL RIGHT, JEFF! BUT DON'T BE LONG, WILL YOU? WHEW! IT'S AWFULLY STUFFY IN HERE!

HE WATCHED AS LOUISE LABORED UP THE MARBLE STAIRCASE. AS SOON AS SHE'D GONE INTO HER ROOM, JEFFREY UNLOCKED THE CHINA CLOSET, GASPING FOR BREATH...

THAT WAS *STUPID* OF ME! I *FORGOT* ABOUT CUTTING OFF THE *AIR* SUPPLY! TOMORROW I'LL HAVE TO GET A BELL WITH *HOLES* IN IT! MEANTIME...

JEFF SLIPPED A MATCH STICK UNDER THE EDGE OF THE BELL...

...MEANTIME, I'LL *PROP IT UP* SO *AIR* CAN *GET IN*!

THEN HE LOCKED THE CHINA CLOSET AND POCKETED THE KEY. HE WENT UPSTAIRS. LOUISE SAT ON THE BED SMILING AT HIM...

THAT'S BETTER! WHAT *WAS* IT?

OH...ER... SOME DARN FOOL HAD *TURNED UP THE THERMOSTAT!*

AND SO, WITH THE AID OF VOODOO... JEFF HORN HAD GOTTEN WHAT HE WANTED! HE'D MARRIED LOUISE BRITTLING...AND HER MILLIONS. THE NEXT DAY HE PURCHASED A NEW GLASS BELL... HAD TINY HOLES DRILLED IN IT... AND SUBSTITUTED IT IN THE CHINA CLOSET. ALL WENT WELL FOR A YEAR! THEN...

LOUISE! I WISH YOU WOULDN'T DRAG ME TO THESE PARTIES! YOU KNOW HOW I....

HUSH! SOMEONE'S COMING!

LOUISE! WHY, YOU *CAME!*

...AND THIS MUST BE YOUR *NEW HUSBAND!* WELL, *INTRODUCE ME*...

JEFF! THIS IS *EVE PORTER!* EVE'S BEEN IN EUROPE FOR TWO YEARS...

GLAD TO... MEET YOU, EVE!

EVE PORTER WAS YOUNG AND LOVELY. SHE WAS ATTRACTED TO JEFF! THAT EVENING, AS THEY DANCED...

TOO BAD *I* DIDN'T MEET YOU BEFORE *LOUISE* DID, JEFF! YOU'RE *QUITE A GUY!*

PERHAPS... PERHAPS WE CAN HAVE *DINNER* TOGETHER SOMETIME, EVE!

AND SO, EVE AND JEFF BEGAN SEEING EACH OTHER... SECRETLY! THEIR ATTRACTION FOR EACH OTHER GREW STRONGER EACH TIME THEY MET. IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THEY REALIZED THAT THEY WERE FALLING IN LOVE...

DIVORCE LOUISE, DARLING! MARRY *ME!* *WE'LL* GET ALONG SOMEHOW! I *HAVE* A SMALL *INCOME!*

I... I *LOVE* YOU EVE... BUT THERE'S *ANOTHER* WAY! A *BETTER* WAY!

IT WAS LOUISE'S *WEALTH* THAT JEFF WAS THINKING OF. HE *HATED* TO GIVE THAT UP, AND THERE *WAS* A WAY... *ONE WAY* TO HAVE *BOTH*... *BOTH LOUISE'S MONEY... AND EVE*... SO...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, JEFF?

I'M PUTTING THESE WEDDING CAKE FIGURES UNDER *SEPARATE GLASS BELLS*, LOUISE! I THOUGHT THEY'D LOOK *BETTER* THAT WAY...

WHAT JEFF WAS *DOING* WAS TAKING THE *OLD GLASS BELL*, THE ONE *WITHOUT ANY HOLES* AND PLACING IT OVER *LOUISE'S FIGURE*. HE PUT HIS *OWN* UNDER THE ONE *WITH* THE VENTILATION! LATER THAT NIGHT...

GASP... *JEFF!* GASP! I... I *CAN'T BREATHE!*

WHAT *IS* IT, LOUISE? WHAT'S *WRONG?* SHALL I CALL A *DOCTOR?*

IT WAS SO SIMPLE! LOUISE'S BREATHING BECAME MORE AND MORE LABORED! THE DOCTOR CAME! HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT...

IT'S AS IF SHE WERE SUFFOCATING! IT MUST BE HER HEART!

DO SOMETHING, DOCTOR! *DO SOMETHING!*

BUT JEFF KNEW THAT NOTHING COULD BE DONE FOR LOUISE. IN THE CHINA CLOSET, THE LAST TRACE OF AIR INSIDE THE BELL HOUSING LOUISE'S VOODOO FIGURINE VANISHED, AND...

SHE'S *DEAD*, JEFF! I'M *SORRY*...

YOU... YOU DID ALL YOU COULD, DOC! IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT!

AND NOW JEFF WAS FREE! FREE TO MARRY EVE! AND LOUISE'S MONEY WAS *ALL HIS*...

ASHES TO ASHES... DUST TO DUST...

AFTER THE FUNERAL, JEFF WANTED TO DESTROY LOUISE'S IMAGE... BUT HE RECONSIDERED...

I STILL HAVE TO PRESERVE *MY* FIGURINE! I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE *MINE* IS *KEPT FROM HARM!* THERE'S *ONLY ONE WAY*...

AND SO...

WHAT *IS* IT, JEFF? WHAT'S THE *SURPRISE*?

LOOK!

EVE HAD NEVER SEEN THE FIGURINES IN LOUISE'S CHINA CLOSET! SO IT WAS EASY TO FOOL HER...

I BOUGHT THEM FOR OUR WEDDING CAKE!

OH, JEFF... HOW SWEET!

LOUISE'S FIGURE STOOD IN HER AIR-TIGHT GLASS BELL...

AFTER THE WEDDING WE'LL *KEEP THEM, ALWAYS,* AS A *SYMBOL* OF OUR *LOVE*... UNDER THESE GLASS BELLS...

OH, JEFF, *DARLING!* WHAT A *NICE* THOUGHT! OF *COURSE*...

EVERYTHING WAS PERFECT, WHEN THE PROPER TIME HAD ELAPSED AND THE WEDDING DAY WAS SET, JEFF REMOVED THE TWO FIGURINES FROM THE CHINA CLOSET... AND...

... FOR THE TOP OF THE *WEDDING CAKE*, PIERRE! JUST *ONE THING!* BE VERY *CAREFUL* WITH THEM! *UNDERSTAND*...?

OH... OUI, M'SIEU HORN. I WEEL BE *EXTRA CAREFUL!*

BUT WHEN THE AIR HIT THE FIGURE OF LOUISE, SOMETHING STRANGE BEGAN TO TAKE PLACE, AFTER ALL... LOUISE HAD BEEN *DEAD* FOR A *LONG TIME*...

PHEW! ZOMETING *ZMELLS* IN ZIS BAKERY, *PIERRE*...

IT EES THEESE *FIGURE*... ON ZE *CAKE!* BUT WHAT CAN I *DO*? M'SIEU HORN *INSISTED*...

AND AT THE WEDDING RECEPTION...

OH, JEFF! LOOK! THE BRIDE'S FIGURE ON THE CAKE! IT'S ALL MOULDY AND ROTTING...

CHOKE...

AFTER THE WEDDING...

THROW THEM *AWAY*, JEFF! THE *BRIDE* IS *PUTRID!* IT SMELLS LIKE A *GRAVE!*

LET ME *SAVE* THE *GROOM'S FIGURE*, EVE! I'LL HAVE PIERRE MAKE US *ANOTHER BRIDE!*

JEFF PLACED THE VENTILATED GLASS BELL OVER THE GROOM FIGURINE...

ALL RIGHT! NOW... *COME TO BED*, HUH?

SOON AS I *THROW THIS AWAY!*

JEFF DROPPED THE FOUL-SMELLING FIGURINE OF LOUISE INTO THE GARBAGE CAN, AND WENT TO BED..

OH, JEFF! *AT LAST...MARRIED!*

EVE... *BABY...*

DOWNSTAIRS, IN THE GARBAGE CAN... THE ROTTING FIGURINE OF LOUISE STIRRED...MOVED! IT CLIMBED FROM THE LITTER-FILLED CAN...

...STUMBLED ACROSS THE KITCHEN AND INTO THE DINING ROOM WHERE JEFF'S FIGURINE STOOD UNDER THE GLASS...

...CLIMBED TO THE TABLE AND PUSHED...

UPSTAIRS, IN THE BEDROOM, THE LIGHT HAD JUST GONE OUT! SUDDENLY, EVE SCREAMED...

EEEEEEEEAAAAAAGGHH

HER HYSTERICAL SHRIEKS ECHOED THROUGH THE HOUSE, DOWN INTO THE DINING-ROOM WHERE JEFF'S VOODOO FIGURE LAY SMASHED INTO A HUNDRED JAGGED PIECES...

HEH, HEH! SO *EVE'S NEW BRIDEGROOM* JUST *FELL APART*...AND ON THEIR *WEDDING NIGHT, TOO.* TCH! TCH! WELL, IT JUST GOES TO *SHOW* YOU! A *MODERN* MARRIAGE CAN'T LAST IF IT DOESN'T BEGIN *SOLIDLY!* AND AT LEAST EVE *FOUND OUT* THAT JEFF WAS JUST A *CRUMB*, IN TIME! NOW THE *OLD WITCH* IS STIRRING UP HER PEW-POT, READY TO DISH OUT ANOTHER HORROR HELPING! SO HOLD YOUR NOSE... EYES RIGHT!

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! SO IT'S *SUPERNATURAL* YOU WANT, EH? WELL... YOU'VE *HAD* A *WEREWOLF* STORY... A *VAMPIRE* STORY... AND A *VOODOO* STORY! NOW LET'S SEE! *AH! I'VE* GOT THE *RECIPE!* C'MON IN! I'LL COOK UP A *MUMMY STORY* IN MY *CRUDDY CAULDRON!* YEP! IT'S YOUR *SHIVERS*– *CHEF, THE OLD WITCH,* READY TO DISH OUT HER *TASTY TALE OF TERROR* FOR THIS ISSUE OF C.K.'S MAG! SO DRAW UP TO THE *BUBBLING POT*... TUCK YOUR *SHROUDS* UNDER YOUR CHINS... FASTEN YOUR *DROOL CUPS*... AND *FEAST* ON THE *FOUL FARE* I CALL...

THIS WRAPS IT UP!

DOCTOR ARNOLD MUNSEN SAT DOWN AND WIPED HIS SOAKING WET FACE WITH HIS HANDKERCHIEF! HE STUDIED HIS TWO ASSOCIATES... PROFESSOR THOMAS STEEL AND DOCTOR JEROME GRABEL... AS THEY CONTINUED DIGGING...

HERE WE ARE...ON THE VERGE OF THE MOST *VALUABLE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIND OF THE CENTURY*... AND I HAVE TO WATCH MY *HEART!*

YOU WERE *ADVISED* NOT EVEN TO *GO ALONG* ON THIS EXPEDITION, ARNOLD... NO LESS *DIG* LIKE THAT!

BAH! I'M AS *HEALTHY* AS A *TWENTY-YEAR-OLD!* JUST BECAUSE I HAD A *SLIGHT HEART ATTACK*...

ANOTHER HEART ATTACK COULD BE *FATAL*, ARNOLD! GET THAT THROUGH YOUR *STUBBORN THICK SKULL!*

TOM... ARNOLD *LOOK*...

DOCTOR JEROME GRABEL POINTED AT THE SPOT WHERE THEY'D BEEN DIGGING...

WHAT *IS* IT, JEROME?

YOU'VE *FOUND* SOMETHING!

THE *ENTRANCE!* THE ENTRANCE TO THE *TOMB!*

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE EXCAVATION WAS A ROUND IRON RING IMBEDDED IN A HUGE, PARTIALLY UNCOVERED SLAB OF STONE...

GIVE ME A *SHOVEL!* LET *ME*...

ARNOLD! TAKE IT *EASY!* *PLEASE*...

I'LL FINISH *UNCOVERING* THE SLAB!

SOON, THE STONE BLOCK HAD BEEN FULLY CLEARED OF SAND. AS ARNOLD ANXIOUSLY WATCHED, THOMAS AND JEROME TUGGED AT IT...

IT'S COMING LOOSE! I'LL GIVE YOU A *HAND*...

WE...GASP... CAN MANAGE, ARNOLD...

A LITTLE MORE...

FINALLY, THE LARGE STONE SLAB WAS SWUNG AWAY, REVEALING A DARK OPENING WITH DUSTY STEPS DESCENDING INTO THE BLACKNESS. THE MUSTY ODOR OF DECAY AND ROT, OF THINGS LONG BURIED AND AIR THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD, SEARED THEIR NOSTRILS...

WE'VE *FOUND* IT! WE'VE *FOUND* IT!

THE TOMB OF *IKAH-MU-KAHMA*... FIFTH PHARAOH OF EGYPT...

FOOTSTEPS ECHOED INTO THE CAVERNOUS BLACKNESS, SHATTERING THE SILENCE OF CENTURIES. FLICKERING LIGHT FROM THE LANTERN THOMAS CARRIED CARESSED WALLS THAT HAD NOT FELT LIGHT FOR OVER A HUNDRED GENERATIONS. THE THREE MEN DESCENDED INTO THE SHAFT...

I'VE COUNTED *FIFTY-FIVE STEPS ALREADY!*

WE'RE NEARING THE *BOTTOM*.

THE STEPS ENDED BEFORE A SMALL DOOR. ITS SURFACE WAS EXQUISITELY DECORATED WITH TYPICAL EXAMPLES OF ANCIENT EGYPTIAN ARTISTRY, OVER THE DOOR WAS A TABLET INSCRIBED WITH HIEROGLYPHICS...

WHAT DOES IT SAY, THOMAS? YOU'RE THE HIEROGLYPHICS EXPERT.

IT SAYS, 'BEYOND THIS DOOR LIES EXALTED IKAH-MU-KAHMA, FIFTH PHARAOH OF ALL EGYPT. LET THIS BE A WARNING TO ALL WHO TRESPASS. DEATH WILL COME TO THOSE WHO ENTER HIS TOMB. IKAH-MU-KAHMA WILL RISE TO AVENGE THE DISTURBANCE OF ITS SANCTITY.'

JEROME'S LAUGHTER WAS THIN AND TINGED WITH NERVOUSNESS. IT RIPPLED THROUGH THE SILENCE AND ECHOED UP THE STAIRS OF THE SHAFT...

HEH, HEH! TYPICAL OF THE WARNINGS PLACED AT THE ENTRANCES TO OTHER PHARAOH'S TOMBS...

THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO SCARE OFF WANDERING BANDS OF THIEVES WHO MIGHT HAVE BROKEN INTO THE TOMBS AND STOLEN THE TREASURES BURIED WITH THE PHARAOHS...

ARNOLD TRIED TO PUSH THE DOOR OPEN...

IT'S *SEALED!*

WE'LL HAVE TO SMASH IT! LEND A HAND HERE, JEROME! STEP AWAY, ARNOLD!

FLINGING THEIR FULL WEIGHT AGAINST THE SEALED TOMB-ENTRANCE DOOR, DOCTOR GRABEL AND PROFESSOR STEEL FINALLY MANAGED TO BREAK IT DOWN...

GASP!

LOOK! ON THE FLOOR!

SKELETONS!

THE WHITENED SKULLS GRINNED UP AT THEM AS IF THEY EACH ENJOYED A SECRET THEY WOULD NOT SHARE...

PERHAPS THESE ARE THE REMAINS OF *THIEVES* WHO ONCE BROKE IN...

IMPOSSIBLE! THE *DOOR* WAS *SEALED!*

THEN WHO *ARE* THEY?

WORKMEN PERHAPS! *SERVANTS*... WHO *INTERRED* IKAH-MU-KAHMA AND THEN WERE *MURDERED* SO THAT THE *SECRET* OF THE TOMB'S *LOCATION* WOULD BE KEPT...

THOMAS DARTED FORWARD...

JEWELS! JEWELS! ARNOLD... JEROME... COME... SEE...

GOOD LORD! A *FORTUNE* IN PRECIOUS STONES!

PROFESSOR THOMAS STEEL SCOOPED UP HANDFULS OF THE SPARKLING GEMS HUNGRILY...

RUBIES! EMERALDS! SAPPHIRES! MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WORTH!

AND THE URNS THAT HOLD THEM... ARE SOLID GOLD!

THIS IS THE GREATEST ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY! I SAID IT WOULD BE! I...

TAKE IT EASY, ARNOLD! DON'T EXCITE YOURSELF! REMEMBER... YOUR HEART!

HERE! IN HERE! IT'S THE BURIAL CHAMBER!

THE SARCOPHAGUS OF IKAH-MU-KAHMA!

THOMAS! HELP ME LIFT THE LID!

GET THAT END, JEROME!

THE LID OF THE SARCOPHAGUS WAS REMOVED, REVEALING THE MUMMY OF IKAH-MU-KAHMA...

GASP!

PERFECTLY PRESERVED!

WHAT A FIND! WE MUST GET A MESSAGE BACK... TO THE MUSEUM!

THOMAS STARED AT ARNOLD...

BUT...BUT IF WE REPORT THAT WE'VE FOUND THE TOMB...WE'LL HAVE TO TURN THE TREASURE OVER TO THEM.

WHY... OF COURSE, THOMAS! IT BELONGS TO THEM...

BUT WE FOUND IT! WE SWEATED AND BURNED OUT IN THAT HOT SUN UNTIL WE DISCOVERED IT! ISN'T THAT RIGHT, JEROME?

THOMAS! I'M ASHAMED OF YOU! OF COURSE THE TREASURE BELONGS TO THE MUSEUM...

JEROME TOOK THOMAS BY THE ARM AND JERKED HIM INTO A CORNER...

SHUT UP, YOU FOOL! CAN'T YOU SEE ARNOLD'S TOO RIGHTEOUS TO CLAIM THE TREASURE FOR HIMSELF!

THEN WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM! HE STANDS IN OUR WAY...

LATER THAT NIGHT, IN THE CAMP OF THE THREE ARCHAEOLOGISTS NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB...
IS HE ASLEEP?
YES! NOW THIS IS WHAT YOU DO! GO DOWN INTO THE TOMB! UNWRAP THE MUMMY OF IKAH-MU-KAHMA AND WRAP YOURSELF IN ITS WINDINGS...
THEN SHOUT OR SCREAM! I'LL AWAKEN ARNOLD AND TELL HIM THAT YOU MUST BE DOWN THERE! WHEN WE REACH THE BURIAL CHAMBER, YOU GO INTO A MUMMY ACT, AND I'LL START SHOUTING ABOUT THE CURSE...
I GET IT! HIS HEART! HE'LL DROP DEAD OF FRIGHT!
EXACTLY! AND WHEN WE BRING HIS BODY BACK TO CAIRO, WE'LL CLAIM HE HAD A HEART ATTACK FROM DISAPPOINTMENT OVER THE FAILURE OF OUR EXPEDITION!
AND THE TREASURE WILL BE OURS...
ALL RIGHT! GO AHEAD! AND HURRY!
WAIT FOR MY SHOUT!
THOMAS WENT DOWN INTO THE TOMB! JEROME SAT IN HIS COT FOR A LONG TIME... GROWING MORE AND MORE UNEASY! FINALLY...
YAAAAAAAA
HUH? WHAT'S THAT?
ARNOLD SAT BOLT UPRIGHT ON HIS COT! JEROME LEAPED TO HIS FEET! THOMAS'S BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM CAME AGAIN...
IT'S THOMAS! HIS BED'S EMPTY! HE MUST BE DOWN THERE...IN THE TOMB!
LET'S GO...
ARNOLD STARTED DOWN THE TOMB STEPS... JEROME FOLLOWING, SMILING...
HE MUST BE IN TROUBLE!
HURRY, ARNOLD! HURRY!
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SUDDENLY, THEY REACHED THE TREASURE CHAMBER. THOMAS'S LAMP SAT UPON THE FLOOR ILLUMINATING THE ENTIRE ROOM. BEYOND WAS THE BURIAL CHAMBER. ARNOLD STOPPED...

OH, MY LORD! LOOK!

IT... IT'S THE MUMMY!

HE CAME FROM THE BURIAL CHAMBER...SHAMBLING ALONG...TOTTERING WEAKLY... HIS WINDINGS HANGING LOOSELY. JEROME HAD TO CONTROL HIMSELF TO KEEP FROM LAUGHING! THOMAS... LOOKED SO COMICAL! THEN...JEROME WENT INTO HIS ACT...

THE CURSE, ARNOLD! THE CURSE ON THE ENTRANCE DOOR!

'DEATH WILL COME TO THOSE WHO ENTER HIS TOMB. IKAH-MU-KAHMA... WILL...CHOKE ... RISE...'

THE WRAPPED FIGURE STUMBLED FORWARD...

THE CURSE IS TRUE, ARNOLD! THE MUMMY HAS RISEN!

JEROME... I...I...

IT WAS ALMOST UPON THEM...

ARNOLD! COME ON! LET'S RUN! RUN!

CHOKE...JEROME! MY...MY...

...HEART!

ARNOLD CRUMPLED TO THE FLOOR. JEROME KNELT TO EXAMINE HIM...

HE...HE'S DEAD!

JEROME BEGAN TO LAUGH! THE WRAPPED FIGURE STOPPED...

GOOD WORK, THOMAS! GOOD WORK! JUST ONE THING...

JEROME DREW THE PISTOL FROM UNDER HIS SHIRT...
ONE THING YOU DIDN'T COUNT ON, THOMAS! YOU SEE! I WANT THAT TREASURE FOR MYSELF! THANKS FOR YOUR HELP...
JEROME FIRED AT THE SWAYING FIGURE BEFORE HIM...
THE BULLET TORE THROUGH THE WRAPPINGS BUT THE FIGURE DID NOT FALL...
FOR GOD'S SAKE! I SHOT YOU, THOMAS! DIE! DIE!
JEROME BACKED OFF...EMPTYING HIS GUN INTO THE WINDING-ENCASED FIGURE...
BUT THE MUMMY KEPT COMING. JEROME BACKED INTO THE BURIAL CHAMBER. THE SARCOPHAGUS WAS OPEN...
GOOD LORD!
THE MAN IN THE MUMMY CASE HAD A LOOK OF SHEER HORROR ON HIS FACE...
THOMAS! THOMAS! THEN...THEN...CHOKE!
HEE, HEE! SO IKAH-MU-WHAT'S HIS NAME TOOK CARE OF THE DISTURBERS OF HIS SANCTITY AS THE CURSE HAD PREDICTED. AFTER THAT HE TOSSED THE BODIES ON THE PILE WITH THE OTHER SKELETONS... YAWNED...SHUT THE FRONT SLAB ONCE MORE... AND WENT BACK TO SLEEP! WHICH IS MORE THAN YOU'LL BE ABLE TO DO, NOW THAT YOU'VE FINISHED MY... TALE OF HORROR! BYE, NOW!
THE MUMMY WAS RIGHT BEHIND JEROME...ALMOST...TOUCHING HIM...
THE END

The Crypt Keeper
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